# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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GEORGE DEACON,
HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER; NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1854. WHOLE NO: 1721


## Original Poetry.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

### BIRTHDAY THOUGHTS.

BY SAMUEL D. FISHER.

I'm looking at a little star, that flits before my eyes
A single half-hid, luminous star—a wanderer in the skies.

'Tis ever rolling then along an orbit of its own,
It needs not aid from stranger stars, but travels and alone.

I often think the path that I must tread while lingering here,
Is like that twinkling comfort's track, companionless and drear;

Then I must find my way alone—must feel no help nor hand—
And, when the end of all is reached, is satisfied, must stand.

That star is lost at times, and yet it has its business—
Around it are far larger gems, yet amongst them all it flies;

So I, though little be my fame, and feeble burn my light,
Must make a part, however small, of one great starlit night.

And yet that brilliant orb's a world—I, but a single spot!
Upon a globe that shineth too to grace the glowing night!

But still this quiescent hope remains to cheer the path for me—
That star is living but for Time—I, for Eternity!

## Pictures of Life.

### THE RUINED POTTER.

James Fielding was the son of a potter, and bred up to the business himself. He married young—long before he could keep a wife—and with both his parents' consent, or rather with their suggestions, as they should be left themselves. For, as they said, it was very sad'ful, he might not find another "brag," to be sure, the first time, as'twere he wouldn't do it again. And as they cordially shook hands with him, and pledged the young couple in a flagon of ale, Barton, and were both present at the first child's christening; for, but the cheiten name "Augustus," and took off the old man, and his wife. This was the opening scene of James Fielding's suffering—a scene common in England; for his wife had kinsmen were soon afterwards both robbed with the dissolute, although they had never owned slowly, it was only to find their father and mother, and first-born child, removed from their once comfortable dwelling to a workhouse, and they themselves with feeble bodies and aching hearts, which had not yet wholly discharging sickness. First, James was put into jail for the debts of his father, and then the landlord rendered for rent, and turned out, and the world, and as they were ruined.

To be in prison, never across a man; he gets a habit of shirking and shuffling, not loosing, lazily, and shifting by hook the short hundred-pocket shilling, and the hang-dawn look of a jail companion; he is never a man again. James Fielding was not a shuffler, and his change character: more clever and less capable of work—falsifier, but not so refined—he promised, but it was not kept. Poverty was taken from the maid and given to the appointed apprentice, and the wife, for whom he so shortly become one again, and a loving husband to a wife who doated on him. But a thoroughly fallen man seldom regains himself, and he is a reply to a break-up for life in the constitution of successful industry. James Fielding labored, but his toil "was fruitless: he toned friends, but one, one way or other, he let in everybody who had anything to do with him. By degrees, at last, as natural, a very bad character, and, as it generally does when such men are connected, one, without altogether discerning it. He was an industrious, but not an evil man: and we all know how difficult it is to separate the two in society.

Still, he was a man born to suffer, and to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Men of all countries, casinos, and fortunes, labor—from the serf to the noble—and Fielding's destiny was only that of his sex. But the gentle, pretty girl, whom he had married, had been born and bred in comfort and cheiten, to keep his fireside clean, and to accuse it in his once around him,—her he was not made to bear. "Brag, to be sure, and mild, and angrish: yet who can tell what scenes of grief pierced that woman's heart during her twelve years approximately to without! Who shall describe the unavowable miseries, the cruel wrongs, the agonies of the daily skill's and struggles, her pigmy gaunt looks, her throat bare clothes! humiliated to protect her from the winter weather, her hard daughter, her sharp endurance of her children's hunger, and forgiveness of her own sighs, and sobbings at darkness, compared with the gentle child's childish and even the death of the child at the breast, are nothing, being familiar sufferings.

This poor woman's next another stood before good cursie Godfrey, one of a noiseless way, having body of Christian men who make no noise, and never forget their friends, but are those constantly felt and heard of; the true disciples of the Father of the poor, the world's first leaders of quiet men.

"He be gone that, indeed he be," said Mary Fielding, speaking of the potter, who had been down some weeks in a low fever. "'Tis hard for him, but 'tis better for himself, and I'm glad he's beene my stroke but thine. Everywhere is a churchyard now—the life is ong out o' us."

"Do not mourne, but think of the poor remains our children, and of those children, when he and you were fall of health and joy. In this journey of life, Mary, there is no help, but from above. Your husband and James Jackson will not have to mourn the loss of a husband, but of one's children's father and protection of one: and when she goes, she will not leave orphans to grieve for her. But I'm old that, beene ye, and poor folk didn't ought to be fanciful. 'Tis me, sir, parlor wi' my husband, that should feel."

"But you should remember, Mary, that James and you were married, and have children by you were married, and have children by you. We must not forget the ninety-nine farms because the husbandman is not good. The Lord gave, the Lord taketh away."

"Oh, sir, 'tis beautiful to hear ye talk: yes, always my comfort on consolation, feele' to' sensible like. One is ashamed to grumble since' yes, Sir, so kindly and ill natured."

"I can't say much for 'em, sir,—they be but poorly."

"They have had some food to-day: there, sir. "'Tis only a' yet, sir." "It was yeast middley."

"But indeed they beene well."

"Did they eat anything last night before lying down?"

"Baby had a cup o' gruel out o' James's cup, but Billy an' Jacky, an' the Father ate bad nothing."

"And you?"

"Oh, sir, God be praised, I am used be it. Ten years is a long'pentinggs. 'Tis surprising how the tastine lords feed. An' 'tain, the children's cries, an' him a dyin', drives the thought away from me. I eat got the hard stomach o' hunger, sir: 'tis naturin' in a mother."

No wonder she did. And the gentrips of want: she had passed her being into other existences, and had lost her identity in the wife and the mother.

"Well, well, we must do something for the children, Mary."

"Oh, sir, I did so come for that. What I wants is honest work. You know'st me an' Gosh, mary's a liee. But indeed, what I am here for, is, after James goes I wish to have the children with me. I'm only a silly mind be strange an' uncomfortable like, about religion."

"I thought him a believer, Mary."

"Why, he be; but men call their virtue what, if they could, they would hide from God, an' I ha' heerd him say awful things: he was weary so courageous like. He thought, may be, better be come, an' he ha' loved his darls, an' believes Jist like a child. I thought, if he could say'ne prayer, like it."

Mr. Godfrey rang the bell. As aged but notable servant women came.

"Martha, bring Mrs. Fielding a little warm bread and milk."

"Oh, yes, sir, sir: 'Tis only my way, what you can be my fare; I was always pallah like—hungry like many a day."

Martha, who had promptly obeyed her master, returned in a few minutes with a basin.

"Now, take that gruel, Mary. It will warm you."

"Will you forgive me, sir? Indeed I cannot. It 'ad choke me. The children—the poor hungry children, sir—"

"They shall be thought of." Mr. Godfrey left the room, returning shortly after with his long arbicol, buttoned closely up, and a small parcel in his hand.

"This contains a loaf, Mary—and something else you know what to do with it. Let me have the ticket when I call, which will be in the course of the evening. Leave me now."

The somewhat mother looked on Heaven's minister and then up to heaven, and passed thankfully out of the room, and with faith, hope, and maternal love—the three strongest powers in the heart—to support them. She had had the only tall and perfect lesson of religion—charity. But she did not know, until she got home, that in the parcel the poor cursie had put his only waistcoat from his back to feed her children. Then, indeed, she felt of religion some strong types her. So true it is, that one act of kindness is worth a volume of sermons in the estimation of the poor. The cursie's visit was baptismal robe to the unregenerated spirit of Mary Fielding. She was a Christian woman.

It was on an evening in the middle of June that Mr. Godfrey passed along to the potter's dwelling. There was a little crowd collected, looking sheweers during the day, and the grass was beautifully green. All was still and unusually quiet and balmy, and here and there was the resilient uneasy chirp, in the tree or hedge, of the young birds, who had not yet left the parent nest. And for the night is the meadows; and the cows, after bellowing, were quietly at rest in their pasturages. At intervals there was an unyoked horse reaching its head over the gate, and the distant bleating of sheep. Mr. Godfrey as he passed, and the rich cordially greeted him, for he was extremely beloved.

"All God's works are beautiful and happy," said he to himself, as he wound among the groups of children and cattle, and passed by the signpost sky. "Man alone makes the world miserable and wicked. Oh, Godfrey, Godfrey, those dingy cottages, and the new straggling houses, surrounding them, and call their sweet abroad on the air. Outside is God's work; within, man's."

And the curate entered the cabin of James Fielding, the potter.

There had until then been preparations in tenantra him. The cozy floor was newly sprinkled and swept, and the few articles of crockery and chins, neatly set misshapen, or otherwise defective, were as clean, as the polishes in a star. The children's faces, too, had been set to straight as, but no shoes—were all trash from the washing-beds, and their hair was closely combed across their foreheads. There was evident poverty, but an equally evident wish to conceal it. Not a vestige of furniture or crockery was in the room, beyond the few articles of earthenware mentioned; all the rest, to the three-legged stool, the bed, and other articles of comfort, had gone to the pawnbroker's. Mary Fielding, herself neat, was dressed in a clean cotton gown, and her cheeks were rosy with a healthy flush. She had now had no sooner but prayer, and the remembrance of her husband's kiss. The baby was crying on its mother's breast, and the candle trembled in the hands of the weeping boy who still held it. The baby was still and pale; her heart was being lifted from her. The curate had been kind to the orphans, and comforted the dying and the desolate.—*Household Words.*

### Original Sketches.

#### SKETCHES FROM THE TROPICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

NUMBER XII.

**Grosies—Goolies—Chimneys.**

All persons born in the colony are called Creoles, but the Creole Negroes—a mixed or mingling of the races gave rise to the appellation—a Creole woman or mulatto may be pale or very dark, with crispy locks and sometimes African eyes—but since I have used the term Creole, I will not be inexplicit. In that hour he had no sooner but prayer, and the remembrance of his wife's kiss. The baby was crying on its mother's breast, and the candle trembled in the hands of the weeping boy who still held it. The baby was still and pale; her heart was being lifted from her. The curate had been kind to the orphans, and comforted the dying and the desolate.—*Household Words.*

POWER OF MUSIC.—One stormy night a few years since, when the wind was howling our heavy ward near midnight. The storm raged violently, and the streets were almost deserted. A watchman who was passing his round on foot, when the sound of music from a brilliantly illuminated saloon, where a concert seemed to be in progress. A voice of surpassing sweetness and brilliancy commenced a well-known air. It appeared to us that we had never before turning away when a roughly-dressed, miserable looking man, bundled ragged coat, he found the music reached his ears, he stopped and listened intently, as if doubting the evidence of his senses. The sweet sound died away, burst into tears.

We inquired the cause of his grief.

For a moment, sobbed out broken utterance, when he said—

"Thirty years ago, my mother sang' me in my cradle with that song—she has long been dead, and I, once innocent and happy, am—an outcast—a friendless one!"

"I know it is unmanly," he continued, after a pause, to which he could not trust his wipe away a tear, "until they become wretched outcast—it fit no creature's companionship. So, alas! I have not been the best and tenderest works of God's creation.

The most picturesque people in the colony are the Coolies. They come here by the hundreds in those great lumbering East Indiamen. It is odd that in their own country they are of most insignificance. In the newer districts they hardly the bridge is a public road, and carved image of a human face, whose perpetual business seems to be to make faces at little children. The image has the mouth cut, and is furnished with a long tongue of fiery red cloth, which is connected with the pendulum of the clock, that every vibration is one direction runs it out in a threatening, scornful, revengeful manner. Little Rule, and the rainey stroke draws it in. The device is the most effective one to frighten the children, so ludicrous, that I could scarcely refrain from laughing right heartily in the public thoroughfare when I saw it, and I have had my risibilities excited ever since, whenever my mind has had occasion to be perplexing, gifting up at the scornful red tongue towards the insulted and scorned town of Little Rule.

THE MOORS.—The art of printing has not yet penetrated into any part of the Moorish Empire; everything is written with the hand, though with admirable neatness, and on excellent paper; and if ever that country should be subject them open to Europe, medicine, philosophy, history, and many sciences, may make in it some valuable discoveries.

We agree with the writer in the *Brisbane Free Press*, that it is the imperative duty of the British Government to put a stop to the *slave evidence* to put a stop to a murderous practice. Many of the remnants of the Australian aboriginals, of six years of active occupation of the country by Europeans has not been able to effect—and which must contribute to the extermination of a race that, like the red man of the American continent, is struggling for the land and soil of the soil, is rapidly disappearing before the advancing strides of civilization. We are aware that there are persons so fond to every just and generous feeling, as to argue that the native should be allowed to settle the matter in their own barbarous way; but it must be recollected that the Europeans having aimed to himself the land of the aborigines, they have no more to ask make is to bestow on them the benefits of that civilization which is the white man's proudest boast, and which has been the means of enabling him to render subservient to his power and will his noble brethren wherever he has found them. *Now*, amongst those benefits should be the impossibility of committing deeds that frequently terminate in such murders as the one which we have described. It has been said that it is useless to endeavor to put a stop to these cruelties, because, though perpetrated in one place, the blacks would fear remove further on, out of the reach of the authorities, to indulge in their murderous work. Now, even granting it were so, it neither advances nor relieves a Christian Government from the duty of making the attempt.—*London Illustrated News.*

### Selected Sketch.

#### MISS TODD, M. D.:
—or,
#### DISEASE OF THE HEART.

The days of my clerkship were ended; my examination was over; I was admitted, myself and Nehemiah Hubbs, Attorney," put up my new sought shingle, and in my office I began my professional career. No, I did not, either; I was mistaken; I intended to purchase the handsome mansion of my late employer, and commence the tip-top of creation when this arrived.

It was only recently that I remarked one single fact in my life, or rather now has been. It was while I was riding out in gazing at the beautiful and luxurious mansions of the village of Green Briar till my head was white, that I was struck with the fact that I was only a boy, and would have feared to trust one. Even after my sign was put up, nobody called nor Hubbs; I was still "Jo," with old and young, and "No" I would have been to this day, had I remained in Green Briar.

Only one case claimed my attention during the three months of my patient confinement in the office, and that was the case of an unjustly imprisoned pig." Solemnly abstracted, your honor, from the small yard and nursery rpen which my client had been unjustly and illegally confined, and treasuring deposited him in, and maliciously driven to the public common called a pound, for the vile purposes, doubtless, of compelling my client, in his poverty and destitution, to pay the enormous fine of three dollars and seventy-five cents, in order to extricate the animal from his unpleasant position, and restore him to the bosom of his family?"

By this I meant the client's family, the pig having none of his own; it was a fact that I was not urged on by me, the father shall descend in sorrow to the grave, and his son shall be murdered before, and laugh to see their fate looks dabbled in blood; the mother shall "feeding on her heart" shall die of a broken heart, and the babe shall perish in its mother's arms, and the infant's tongue cleave to the roof of its mouth. I will turn the dagger of the husband against the heart of his wife, and her blood shall be upon his head. I will be merciless, and I am

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA,

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1854.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

## TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

| | |
|---|---|
| 4 Copies, . . . . . | $5,00 Per Annum. |
| 8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) | $10,00 " |
| 13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) | $15,00 " |
| 20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) | $20,00 " |

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Among the contributions to the Post during the year, will be ORIGINAL SKETCHES by GRACE GREENWOOD and by FANNY FERN—MIRIAM, THE AVENGER; OR THE FATAL VOW, by Mrs. Southworth—LETTERS FROM DEMERARA by Mrs. Denison—LETTERS FROM EUROPE by "C. G.," &c., &c.

Choice selections from foreign and domestic sources, Engravings, the News, Congressional Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore.

## MIRIAM, THE AVENGER: OR THE FATAL VOW.

We design commencing in the course of one or two weeks, the publication of the promised original novelet by Mrs. Southworth. We begin to feel, and we trust such a feeling is generally shared by our readers, a desire to have unfolded before us the character of "Miriam," and to be admitted into the secret of the "Fatal Vow." We also begin to experience a longing for that narrative of intense interest, those scenes of wild beauty and thrilling terror, which are universally placed before us as by a "magician's wand," when the gifted author of "The Deserted Wife" weaves with ready hand the mingled web of romance.

Ah, these hot mid summer days! How can we aid in lessening their oppressive weight and bringing rapidly on the cool delights of autumn, so readily as by laying before our half-a-million of *readers* another of those fascinating stories, which add new wings to the swift flight of time? Therefore, prepare, all ye who love a "continued" story, for another series of life-pictures from the gifted soul of one who has herself seen and loved and suffered, and dipped her pen in manifold fervent experiences of beauty and gladness and sorrow and pain.

The present story, we have the assurance of Mrs. Southworth, shall be as short as she can possibly make it, without injury to the narrative. The last was far too long, notwithstanding its great merits. We shall publish an extra edition of the papers containing the earlier chapters, in order to supply back numbers to new subscribers. And we trust that our readers will spread this announcement among such of Mrs. Southworth's admirers as do not take the Post, that they may have an opportunity of perusing the successive chapters of the "Fatal Vow," as they appear, in their own, and not a *borrowed* paper.

## NOTICE.

Our clerk informs us that he has just finished sending certain important communications to a number of our subscribers. To these important communications—commonly called Bills—we would ask the immediate attention of those who have received them. The expenses of all newspapers are now much greater than they ever have been during our connection with the business, while the prices of most of them, the Post included, are as low as ever. It is therefore even more important than usual, that our subscribers should pay up as promptly as possible. They will please remember, further, that we have almost entirely dispensed with the system of Collecting Agents, and now depend upon our subscribers, out of this city, to remit through [illegible]

# Foreign Letter.

## SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

[illegible]

# Our Correspondents

## MOUNT PLEASANT.

[illegible]

S. D. J.

## KNUD IVERSON.

[illegible]

Philada., July 16, 1854.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[illegible]

## MEXICO AND CUBA.

[illegible]

## THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

[illegible]

## WARFARE AGAINST WOMEN.

[illegible]

## ROTATION IN OPINION.

[illegible]

# New Publications.

[illegible]

# Clippings.

[illegible]

# General News.

## NEWS ITEMS.

[illegible]

SATURDAY
# EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1864.

## Congressional News.

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS.
FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 19th, the bill making Townsite, &c., a part of military reservation at Fort Leavenworth, was passed. Bill of various Indian treaties, &c., was passed. Bill for the relief of Mrs. Gen. Harney was passed. Bill for the relief of Mrs. Gen. Harney was passed. The bill authorizing a telegraph line to the Pacific coast was taken up and considered as in Committee of the Whole. Mr. Gwin moved to amend it by which it was proposed, and the Homestead Bill with certain modifications, and the Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 20th, the Senate passed the bill authorizing the construction of a telegraph line to the Pacific coast. Mr. Gwin's amendment to the Homestead Bill was then taken up. Mr. Gwin's amendment was agreed to. The Post Office Building was condemned in Philadelphia, and the Secretary of the Treasury was directed to have the same sold after advertising. The Alexandria Railroad Company was authorized to change the location of Columbus, and granting the right of way through the District of Columbia. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 21st, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in defense of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in defense of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 22d, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 23d, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 24th, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 25th, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 26th, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 27th, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 28th, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 29th, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 30th, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 31st, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 1st, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 2d, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 3d, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 4th, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 5th, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 6th, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 7th, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 8th, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 9th, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 10th, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 11th, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 12th, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 13th, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 14th, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 15th, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 16th, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 17th, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 18th, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 19th, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 20th, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill. Mr. Gwin moved to amend the amendment by striking out the provision in relation to the Indians. Mr. Clayton accepted the modification. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 21st, the Homestead Bill was taken up. Mr. Clayton spoke at length in favor of the amendment which he had offered to the bill

## Selected Poetry.

### TO MY MOTHER.

BY THE LATE MRS MARY S. HUSSELL.

A look of tenderness falls upon my face,
As, tired and restless, I recall the place
Where thou art, and all that can of mutual
At once to conquer or of silence deserve.
Thou hearest me through my weariness and calm,
Clearing the clear words of a lady's psalm;
Or in the stillness of my heart, I sing
Thy name, dear mother, and I feel thou wear
That name as a diadem added to thy claim
Before my song and to address my claim;
Thou hearest me when within the city
When nothing on the houses above hears but
Thou art near me, and with silence peace enters
Thou comest in the shape of my own heart.
Then sorrow flees yonder like a lower cave!
Then my heart pours how in each hour of ill,
Thy face out lightens, and I am healed.
Thou art—that family image are every where,
And fullness on my joy (the rival air);
Thou with my manhood fault, or folly hours,
And in regard, a tender hate bears.

With rapid wing, my eager memory speeds
Along our seat of life, and every where
The history of my soul thou findest up,
Quoting back day this blessed mentor say.
Thou in blame, my step had fled,
With baby secrets, in thy arms sleep,
And later to these ears, for, I keep in
The mother's pride of my well-ordered thought—
The subtle reasoning had to understand
The petty ground pushed by a careless hand—
The hope indulged in vain—the sorrow fear
The action right, and the motive clear,
All these and numbered encouragement spoil you.
To that I turn, fall and wear of my spirit,
And then duke never bore with life smile,
Or turn impatient from my by the whole—
But in thine eyes' beloved hand light
I saw radiant joy and I was glad to read.
Thy counsel seemed against the rougher mean
A nature that still deigns into my mood
The blest approbation to this hour
A hope hath rested, still, unbroken, yet shall
Be rested.

Thy prayer I know at rise and set of day
Contains no single petition on my way.
A sister's prayer love I never knew.
Them hast been mother—thou my sister, too.
Nature has been supposed to have form
In unit or ere, upon each other hand—
It is thine ear, have whispered little tale
Wisdom to others gently told, and light pain.
What thine my pulses, and or joyful, beat,
With these I feel before the world my shadow.

After from thee, the weary mountain move on
With half their beauty and their freshness gone.
Looks thy presence through the darkened sky
Thine eyes responsive to what'er I say—
Thine open arms to welcome me when I return
But send me deeper than the lips can reach—
Thy hand upon the violets where my heart
That wonder unreasoned by my new—
Thy voice, which exclaimed for the by-way—
The name, the household name, I name hear.
Less love always to be the mother's name.
To show in similar tenderness
As well commend the life that it make
Less love always to be the mother's name. When Time
Shall fold the dove-day on the grave,
Be bright a sparkle where this pilgrim rests.
Then set my summer—then my rose of life.
And every love with thoughts of thee is rife,
Within the Love that created all in all.
A mother's is the only object to change,
Before my God, and on my bended knee,
Mother, with happy tears, I bless Him more for the

*—London Wreath.*

## Selected Articles.

### THE WESTERN MAN.

In the following description of the Western man, from a Paris paper, there is some truth and considerable exaggeration:

"The grave and reserved character of the Man of the Canadas, are concealed under a rude or even coarse envelope. This is easily explained. The West was formed by an aggregation of hundreds of thousands of men departing separately from every point of the Union, afterwards collecting in groups of ten, then of twenty, then of hundreds, then of thousands, proportionably as they arrived. Of themselves resisting through the impracticable forests, and uniting to each other their respective labors, their struggles against nature, their contests with the Indians, their success in agriculture, mutually diminishing the difficulties remaining to be conquered, they hope for the future, and finally reminding their lives to clear the land and constitute the immense world their labor had subjugated.

"All these men had passed through strange trials; they had made experience of strange life; their head, as it were, was memory of civilization. Their bodies were broken by every variety of fatigue, their minds had lost the polish, by their mode of existence, and they had not sufficient time left to recover their forgotten education. All those who have to partake with them of the wealth of these new countries, were compelled to adopt their manners for they also were condemned to pass through the same trials, the same labors, and the same struggles.

"The consequence was an agglomeration of beings, always armed for the defence of their persons, going to church with their rifles upon their shoulders, and pistols in their belts! They seemed like a military colony without discipline. There, each one administered justice to himself. At table, at the church, in the streets, in a yard, upon the least dispute, a man fell, and sometimes two by the hand of a neighbor and adversary, and personal quarrels were often corrected into regular battles. This state of thing dates not to very far back—to hardly fifty years from the present day. They fought on foot or on horseback, with the consequent ride, wherever they might happen to meet, while the witnesses had only the duty of verifying the fault of the combatants; and when the witnesses themselves changed a side, and from simple spectators, became actors in these deplorable scenes.

"A long time necessarily passed before these concrete habits lost their exaggeration. Meanwhile, the States of the West were supplied—colonial cities were built; the population increased with singularly rapid acknowledgment. But it needed the heaping of new population upon new population to effect a migration of these evils, which, after all, still exist as a blotting of their primitive character. And the men of the West remain at the present day, in many respects, that which he formerly was. He is free and easy, rude, coarse, independent, susceptible, proud of his liberty and his rights, and resentful facilities to excess. The Kentuckian, who has long been the type of the half-civilized savage, has been defined as 'half horse, half alligator;' that is, something monstrous, a being almost fabulous!

"With the man of the West the sentiment of equality is pushed to its extreme limits. This results from his habit of life, and his continued necessities. The most polished among the Western men, those whom a liberal education ought to guarantee from these exaggerations, are the first to glory in this excessive principle, and put it in practice.

"General Jackson, for example, who was during his whole life the veritable man of the West, whose youth was championed with rifle and pistol shots, whose public duty as a military commander, and as President of the United States, attests his need of absolute independence, and this moral indisciplne which is the distinguishing marks of the Western man—General Jackson, I say, invested with the highest functions of the Government, made no scruples of touching glasses in the cabarets with people of the lowest classes; and when to say, it never happened that he failed to meet with universal respect.

"Henry Clay, that eminent statesman, willfully passed his leisure hours in the bar-rooms, drinking and betting; and would risk the first sensor; and he said once, on the floor of the Senate, in a speech, one of great point, that he was all those which fell from his eloquent lips!—*For myself*, I live upon salt pork and cabbage!

"The Western man is, as may be well imagined, either careless or severe; but it is not in the same manner as the Yankee. He disdains the black coat of fine cloth, threadbare coat and of fashion he dresses himself with cloth, coarse shoes, and his clothes are always comfortable and commodious. He wears every time short shoes; his trowsers, if he has any, but the check cost—very few, or it is not that at all, and he has his shirt of stout calico, with a large collar—such is the general style of dress. Wherever he goes, he is receiving or observing, attentively, or simultaneously.

"Returning to the street, he will not ask you for the right hour; he will measure with his eye your height from your toe, right his signet, and answer in sentences, containing thanks, for which he has not the time. If he perceives that you are standing in bad light, he will throw it into, and offer you two or three of his cigars. If his eyes are tender, his face is subject to copper-colored tints, and very often he suffers from ophthalmia, a pure consequence of the climate. You arrive at his house with a letter of introduction; a pure consequence of politeness; he does not hesitate to place himself and even his purse at your service, and that without any ostentation, without putting himself in evidence. You arrive at his house with a letter of introduction; a pure consequence of politeness; he does not hesitate to place himself and even his purse at your service, and that without any ostentation, without putting himself in evidence. You arrive at his house with a letter of introduction; a pure consequence of politeness; he does not hesitate to place himself and even his purse at your service, and that without any ostentation, without putting himself in evidence.

## FACTS ABOUT EMERY.

We are amused to, on all sides point that nothing is obviously and necessarily indigestible. A material or substance, here little manner it may be raised to-day, may to-morrow become an object of desire, and be sought after. Such must ever be the case while man is pinning up his knowledge all by half; he experiments in one principle, one law of nature; his advancing civilization engages him into new wants, and he must support new modes of applying his knowledge. This is the mode in which the social progression of mankind are day by day becoming known. But there are other methods which have been employed with more speed, and yet are regarded by most persons as insignificant trifles to the present day. We have, however, many times expressed our opinion, that our telescopes would be wanting in the convenes and points of the ocean; our geologists, and our chemists, and our physicists, would be turned instead of chaos; our legislature would be deprived of one of their most useful adjuncts; their minds, and their would be robbed of their brightest.

It appears that emery was known to the Greeks as a polishing material; and, indeed, the name of the substance in most European countries is derived from Greek. The Greeks did not know what the modern knew—but the chaste sapphire and ruby, the hard emanator spar and the humble emery, are almost identically the same substance; It is one of the most interesting facts in the history of mineralogy that the ancients were ignorant of the fact. Pliny, who lived in the first century after the Christian era, and who was a most diligent collector of all the information he could obtain, and who has left us a most valuable work, does not even mention emery, except the small number of persons actually engaged in its use! What is the cause of this? Is it the habit of those who talk on this head? A thimbleful sort of gritty dust, which after the homeward is polishing the fire-bone. Nevertheless, it may be worth knowing that this gritty dust is an object of wealth and importance in the countries where it is found; that without it, our looking glasses would never have any mirror or surface, and that, once upon the telescopes would be wanting in the convenes and points of the ocean; our geologists, and our chemists, and our physicists, would be turned instead of chaos; our legislature would be deprived of one of their most useful adjuncts; their minds, and their would be robbed of their brightest.

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## Wit and Humor.

LONDON NEARNESS.—The Panama, a new paper published at San Francisco, California, contains the following very pungent paragraph:

"And this again reminds us of a wonderful man in the city, J. P. Baldwin, who, once on a time, while Governor Dorr, of Rhode Island, was secretly imprisoned by a mob, in the dungeon, stumbled in the dark on a tool little drop on the left hand side as you go down. The right here, is quite good humored. Governor Dorr, if I mistake not, is considerably fleshy. Fluttering his eyes against the window, finding it could see nothing, he dashed his fingers all around the dungeon, and finally stopped in astonishment. Behind a little corner, he discovered a small pile of bones which, upon inspection, conjectured for the waist, upper collars, and other articles of still use. But in the dungeon, unconscious of the fact that the prison politeness, addressed one of the ladies as follows:

"Madam, I perceive by your sign that this is the dormitory for Washington ladies; I am in search of Mrs. Ann Smith, a dear friend, and should be pleased to leave my with to your charge—but I don't know, if by any chance you happen to be she to a Baltimorean."

"One of the ladies," says Equibell, "a great little girl in a blue dress, turned very red, and holding down her head, made the remark, 'we do!'" But the elder of the twain, after standing as if she could laugh, but by a strong effort suppressed it, replied:

"Sir, you have made a mistake; this is the place where the society of Washington ladies deposit their work to be sold for the benefit of distressed natives of the Island of Juan de Nacosta, or words to that effect."

Gregory did the whole thing. Spelled low, all collected hugging her pardon, and putting on his hat, waived off, followed by a mood from the dungeon, by of an indignant Baltimorean, giving and bubbling over its politely bad in a New England forest."

AN ISRAEL WATER.—A few years since, an attempt was made by the public of this county to break up the trade of retail spirits between the Indians residing on the Allegheny reservation and their white neighbors, who were engaged in the business of supplying them with whisky. In the trial which took place, the Indians were necessarily called to witness, and as a matter of course, each one of them was sworn in the form of farnishing them with drink usually operated to stop the supplies of the article. Various excuses were always asserted to, by the witnesses, to evade giving the necessary evidence. On one occasion, when Jo Jimmy, by Jupiter!" he let him-keeper for selling liquor to the Indians, the latter called to prove the charge. "Jimmy," said the witness stand with the air of a man who had long made up to battle with the Attorney to all his inquiries at all hazards. "Jimmy, you remember the night of the roaring flashes of lightning, and almost a pause between each word: "—*Ah—dat* Jim—much—quarter?" No other would indeed be got from him, and he was allowed to retire.—*Gloss N. Y. Journal.*

CARLTON SECRECY.—A lady who was quite in the habit of dropping in at her neighbor's house unannounced, in the hope of obtaining an invitation to partake with the family, was requested on one occasion to call and spend the evening. The lady was in the habit of dropping in at her neighbor's house unannounced, in the hope of obtaining an invitation to partake with the family, was requested on one occasion to call and spend the evening. The lady was in the habit of dropping in at her neighbor's house unannounced, in the hope of obtaining an invitation to partake with the family, was requested on one occasion to call and spend the evening.

Once, when twilight's dying bend
Frost her golden-shrouded bed,
And the silver star of even
Wide and mysterious with her,
When the lowing herd o'er yonder
Stream'd the young moon's dawn,
Told I sit alone in thee,
*Hoping fearing*, Lily Lee!

Fluttered then her gentle breast
With a wondrous, secret interest,
Like a bird low near the set
Which she sees, and yet she don't!
But her mournful eyes the while,
And her pitying heart beguile
Told me lovers could not depart
Like a pear arrow from the heart.

Blushing then her cheek may be
Passion, pleading to have away,
Folding close her little head,
Where I wish I was but to rest,
Crumbling from beneath her tread,
Lowered into the dust I kneel.
Where in peace she waits for me—
Where I hope to meet her.

As the chased hart loves the wave,
As kind silence loves the grave,
As the perfect loves the light,
As pale passion loves despair,
Loved I not, and loved I thee,
Angel-stolen Lily Lee!

AMERICANS ON THEIR OWN HOOKER.—It is "stogie," says the Newark Daily Advertiser. "Yes," it is that indefinable epitome of observation, that the odd Romans seem not to have considered of great importance by the Italians of the present day, but that the American, especially of the Northern States, regards as the chief and only other people now existing in the general luxuries of the face. Jeighing! Why all conversation ceases! Why Yacine, Senora, and other men who inhabited their statues or eighteen continents ago, they had not only a general knowledge of the tobacco, but the most prominent details of it, even when his inquiries at the door for his friend were answered by an aged female domestic, with, "Oh, master's dead years and years ago!" "Dead!" exclaimed the young man, "dead! Why, this is horrible! Dead!" "Oh, I d'no," returned the woman, "only a fellow come along about a week ago, and wanted to know if he'd gone to or rope, and I killed him in two weeks."

A FAST ARRIVING.—They do things up fast in Cincinnati. It is a progressive place in everything. We had a happy instance of the spirit of progress in our midst a short time ago. A man, who had been married but a few weeks, went to a German friend in the line of business, and was concerned to be called to the office on the morrow. But the chronometer ran on the morrow. But the chronometer ran on the morrow. But the chronometer ran